

The History of

*Ser.* It is my Lord.  
*Hot.* That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.  
*Lady.* But heare you, my Lord.  
*Hot.* What sayst thou, my Lady?  
*La.* What is it carries you away?  
*Hot.* Why, my horse (my love) my horse.  
*La.* Our you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to lme his enterprize, but if *Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe.  
*La.* Come, come, you Parraquito. answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.  
*Hot.* Away, away, you trisler, love; I love thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips, We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what woulds thou have with me?  
*La.* Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?  
*Well*, doe not then? for since you love me not, I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?  
*Nay*, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?  
*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
 And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not have you henceforth question me Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*, I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Henry the Fourth.

*La.* How, so far?  
*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward; to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?  
*La.* It must of force. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Prince, and Poynes.*  
*Pri.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.  
*Poy.* Where hast beene, *Hall*?  
*Pri.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads. I have founded the very base string of Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it alread upon their salvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*; and tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; & when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an undersinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then 8 shillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon anon sir, Skere a pint of Bastard in the halfe-moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he have me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but *Anon*: step aside, and i'll shew thee a present.  
*Poy.* *Francis.*  
*Prince.* Thou art perfect. *Poy.* *Francis.*  
*Fran.* *Anon anon sir*; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*  
 D 2 *Prince.*